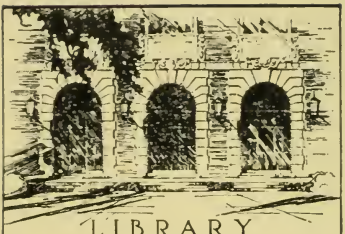

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
Ed 37m
v. 3

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

http://www.archive.org/details/matchgirlnovel03edge

THE

MATCH GIRL.

A NOVEL,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

BY MRS. EDGEWORTH.

All is well ended, if this suit be won,
That you express content;———

SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME III.

LONDON.

Printed by J. Dennett, Leather Lane, Holborn;

FOR J. F. HUGHES,

15, PATERNOSTER ROW, AND

5, WIGMORE STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1808.

873
Ed37m
v.3

THE

MATCH GIRL.

CHAPTER XXXV.

'Tis done, 'tis done! oh, let me find some way
To tell the mighty joy that fills my breast,
Lest I grow mad with height of furious bliss.
The holy priest has ty'd the sacred knot,
And my Amestris now is all my own.

ROWE.

As they were sitting at breakfast the third morning after Frederica's determination, a letter was received by Lady Charlotte, from Colonel Ashford.

After perusing it, she passed it to her friend.

It was very short, merely informing her ladyship, the week following, the regiment was to embark for St. Vincent, and containing a request that she would obtain Frederica's consent for his seeing her for half an hour, previous to his departure. "It will be the greatest possible gratification to me," said he, "dearest Charlotte, if you can prevail upon Miss Koningsberg to grant my boon. Tell her I cannot yet claim her friendship: I will not deceive her; love still usurps every avenue of my soul. But as I feel assured I shall never see England again, it would be a delight to me, once more to behold her. Tell her

she need not fear my annoying her with a recitation of my sufferings; I will not, in a manner, however remote, revert to them. If I obtain permission, I must travel all night to get to the castle, and be again at Horsham before sunrise the following morning."

"Lady Charlotte," said Frederica, when she had perused the letter, "the time is now arrrived for me to inform my friends they have not an obdurate heart to deal with. My wishes," continued she, "are yours. If it will still make you happy to see Frederica Koningsberg the wife of Charles Ashford, she is ready."

The Earl of Kilvain, in a transport of delight, clasped her to his breast, thank-

ing her in terms of gratitude, for dispelling the gloom that else must ever have overshadowed the fate of his beloved heir.

Captain Hildebrand silently pressed her hand with such a look of approbation, that thrilled to the grateful heart of Frederica, which beat responsive to every mark of affection from one so adored.

"I will write to my nephew," said the earl, after he had read the colonel's epistle, "and relate the delightful news."

"I may never marry Colonel Ashford even now," said Frederica to Lady Charlotte, the following day. "Only consider what numberless occurrences

may intervene to prevent it, when the vast Atlantic divides us."

"It is possible," replied her ladyship; "but I think that we shall be related yet. Leave of absence is easily obtained, after the troops are safely lodged in their place of destination."

The second noon brought Colonel Ashford to the feet of Frederica.

To describe his raptures, is beyond my weak abilities; but I make no doubt, my fair reader, that you can justly appreciate what you must have frequently witnessed, when you have condescended to bend from the haughty dignity of conscious beauty, and kindly smile upon an admirer.

"When must you quit us, Charles?" demanded his uncle.

The question produced a sigh.—"At four o'clock, sir, necessity compels me to depart."

"It is now near three," returned the earl. "Frederica, my dear girl, you have condescended to promise you will become a part of our family. By my desire, Charles has brought a special licence with him. Can you refuse, at the instant of departure, to make him quit you in peace, from a consciousness that you are his?"

The suddenness of the proposal surprised Frederica; but immediately collecting herself, she replied, "It would be the height of unpardonable affectation to deny a compliance with your wishes.—Ashford," said she, extending a hand,

that was eagerly seized, "I am yours, on one condition, this instant."

"Name it, my charming girl, and by Heaven I will comply."

"That during your absence, I still retain the name of Koningsberg, and that the solemn ratification that is now on the point of being completed, shall not be extended to one individual beyond this beloved circle, till your return."

Colonel Ashford was on the point of uttering the most perfect compliance with her wishes, when Lady Charlotte gaily interrupted, saying, "Charles, tack to the end of it, 'With the exception of the rector and clerk.'"

He thanked her for the idea; and the Earl of Kilvain immediately proposed a

walk to the parsonage. "It will excite surprise among the servants," said he, "if Mr. Darnley and his attendant were to come here; but our going there, is so common a thing it will not create one suspicion; the good rector is prepared for our visit."

"How was it possible," said Frederica, "for me to escape the net that was so artfully laid? Charlotte, surely you were not a party concerned against me."

"No, indeed, I was not."

"A soldier," observed Captain Hildebrand, smiling affectionately at Frederica, "is too well acquainted with the beneficial effects of surprising the enemy, not to employ a little art in gaining a citadel. Had we informed Charlotte

of our scheme, she could not have withheld the knowledge of it from you, and that would have afforded time to frame many excuses, which the suddenness of the shock has now deprived you of the power of doing."

"I plainly perceive, dear grandfather, that you are a most experienced general, and I make little doubt but that you would shine as ably in the field of battle as in unwinding the intricacies of the female heart."

Mr. Norval and Lady Anne remained at the castle with the earl, as they were fearful of the largeness of the party giving a subject to rumour's busy tongue.

Mr. Darnley received them in a small room he had erected at the bottom of

his garden, where, in summer, he transacted all the parochial business with his clerk.

The ceremony was there performed without exciting even a conjecture among the rector's servants; and the clerk, after receiving a douceur of five guineas from Colonel Ashford, by way of hush money, went quietly into the garden, and employed himself in weeding—a thing he was in the constant habit of doing, after quitting his principal, who, he knew, took a great delight in seeing his flowers bloom free from their noxious influence.

"Now, my Frederica," said Captain Hildebrand, "I have not a wish ungratified on your account; I have given

you to one who is fully sensible of the inestimable prize he possesses. I am now ready, when my Creator thinks proper to call upon me for the debt so justly due, to pay it into his hands with gratitude.—This dear girl," continued he, taking Lady Charlotte's hand, "will be a sister to you—her father will be your father—your griefs theirs, if I should be called from you before the return of our dear Charles."

Overcome by a variety of emotions, Frederica could not restrain any longer, those tears which the peculiar circumstances of the morning had excited.

During the ceremony, she had behaved with a self-command and dignity that delighted those who beheld her;

but her grandfather awakened every tender sentiment of her soul, and rendered her, for some minutes, incapable of proceeding.

Ashford felt that words would be intrusive, and only gazed at her in silence, while he supported her.

When they returned to the castle, the chaise that was to convey Colonel Ashford from his adored Frederica, was at the door.

The congratulations of the friends they had left there, in which there was so much real tenderness and affection, renewed again her tears.

Rising from a seat which, at her entrance, she had taken, and releasing herself from the distracted embrace of

Ashford, " This scene must not be prolonged," she exclaimed. " My dear Charles, may every blessing attend you, and may you never have cause to lament that day which united our fates."

" Impossible !" cried he, springing after her.

But she had disappeared, and he was restrained by those friends she left behind, from following her, as they assured him she was yet too weak to bear much agitation, and had already undergone too much that day.

CHAP. XXXVI.

I have no joy of this contract——
It is too rash—too sudden—
Too like the lighning, which does cease to be
Ere one can say it lightens

SHAKSPEARE.

FOR some hours after Colonel Ashford's departure, Frederica remained shut up in her apartment.

Lady Charlotte judged it far better to leave her to herself, being assured

that if she wished for her society, she would request it.

It was a great while before the bride could arrange her ideas into any degree of order; all was chaos in her mind, and the scenes of the morning seemed

"Faded ideas, which float upon the fancy like half-forgotten dreams."

"Is it—can it be possible," she often said, mentally, "that I am Charles Ashford's wife? Have I been solemnly plighting my faith to him, or is it all the illusion of the imagination?"

When she joined the party below stairs, they did not dwell upon any of the recent events, but endeavoured, by cheerful and affectionate conversation, to lure her mind to peace.

In a very few days, the account of the regiment sailing, was received, and Frederica, after that, had a letter from Ashford, which the pilot brought on shore.

Tranquility soon diffused its calm over the agitated spirits of the Match Girl. She thought of Ashford constantly with esteem and friendship, but as she had never professed, or experienced violent affection, she was relieved from many of the tortures those who idolize a being in a similar situation endure. With her fate, she felt in perfect good-humour, and she anticipated pleasure from the hope that Ashford expressed, of being able to procure leave of absence for a year, when, he said, he would en-

deavour to obtain an exchange into the Guards.

"That will be delightful," said Frederica, "and seems feasible: we shall all be prevented from enduring many uneasy moments that are occasioned by the absence of dear friends."

Mrs. Temple was earnest in her entreaties for Frederica and her grandfather to give her their company at Ramsgate; and Lady Charlotte prevailed upon the earl to put off a visit he had purposed making to his estates in Wiltshire, and to take a house near Mrs. Temple, that she might not be separated from her friends.

"Next summer, dear sir," said she, "Charles may be here, and then we can

make a charming party, and go altogether."

The solicitations of a beloved niece, added to those of an only child, were irresistible; and the partis quarvé left the castle in the earl's post-coach, after taking an affectionate leave of those friends who so deeply lamented the deprivation of their society.

"Mrs. Temple and her daughters received them with delight—she frequently tinged Frederica's cheek by asking her why she had been so cruel to Colonel Ashford, assuring her she heard he had quitted England in a state of distraction. "But, however," said she, "torturing is one of our prerogatives; I may say so, as the girls are not by, for I must not

encourage them in an inclination they seem to have got hereditarily."

Frederica had soon an opportunity of remarking that Mrs. Temple had not formed an erroneous judgment of her daughters' propensities—they were charming lively girls, and teased all their admirers completely.

Mrs. Temple was often obliged to be actually serious with her eldest daughter respecting her conduct towards Sir James Lacey, a genteel, sensible young baronet, who particularly distinguished her.

"My dear mother," she would say, "you have often declared that you never considered that man a lover till he had made serious proposals: Sir James never

has, and if he chooses to flirt with me, surely I have a right to return the compliment."

"True, my dear, but if you flirt with all who approach, you must never expect to fit one, and I own I like the baronet."

"Really ma'am, so do I, and will therefore try what a little pretty behaviour will do for a few days."

In a shorter period than could be hoped, letters arrived from Colonel Ashford, announcing his safe arrival at St. Vincent, and containing the pleasing certainty of his being in England in less than six months.

The consciousness of his safety added to the charming vivacity of the family

she was with, entirely restored Frederica's wonted gaiety, and they separated with regret when the cold weather drove them to town.

Miss Temple gained the baronet, and the marriage was to take place early in January.

Lady Charlotte and Frederica again outshone every London beauty, and though this was their second winter, their society seemed to yield fresh novelty.

Frederica frequently gave an expressive smile to Lady Charlotte when any man was more than usually assiduous, saying, "If they knew I was married, how it would change their conduct."

She paid more than usual attention

to the minds and manners of the different men in whose society chance often placed her, and became daily more contented with her lot.

The contemptible frivolity she witnessed, made her turn with satisfaction to Ashford's manly and amusing qualities, whose gaiety was a general enlivener, without ever degenerating into that species of humour which makes the auditors laugh more at, than with the entertainer.

In the colonel's last epistles, he had desired Frederica, if she did not hear from him again, to conclude he was on his passage, as he was then straining every nerve to obtain permission for visiting England, but the very short pe-

riod he had been on the island, rendered it particularly difficult; still as his whole heart and soul was in the business, he made no doubt but that he should achieve his purpose.

"How much Charles loves you," said Lady Charlotte; and I really fear you do not care very much for him."

"Indeed Charlotte you wrong me—I have not once murmured at my lot."

"How gratifying," observed her ladyship, smiling, "would that *extreme warmth* be to the enthusiastic heart of Charles!"

Frederica felt the reproof, and blushed.

"Do not make any comments, Charlotte, till Ashford comes; I will then convince you by my conduct, more than words can do, how thoroughly contented

I am with him, for I am well convinced he is one of those characters who commands esteem and friendship; both those sentiments I experience towards him in their fullest effect, and I make no kind of hesitation in declaring that I feel fully prepared for the reception of a warmer one upon his arrival, and shall cultivate the germ of affection with attention if my heart is receptive of its power."

She began to make a variety of alterations in the furniture, and different ornaments in Piccadilly, as she was aware, when she appeared as Ashford's bride, that her acquaintance would increase, and the house require an added air of elegance.

CHAP. XXXVII.

How would Clarinda be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd; and yet the case is clear;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The person charms because the soul is seen.

YOUNG.

"AT length we shall all be happy," exclaimed Lady Charlotte, suddenly, to Frederica, as she entered.

"Is Ashford arrived?" returned she.

"What a complete wife," replied her ladyship. "She can only think of her husband.—I beg your pardon, my dear, but self made me entirely forget you. Drumlandrie is in England, though Charles is not yet come, therefore one of our hearts are at ease."

She then proceeded to give her friend the whole account of his visit, and the grounds she had to build her satisfaction upon.

Lord Drumlandrie was, at the death of the viscount, his father, only seventeen. Chance placed him frequently in the society of a beautiful girl—a distant relation of his late mother's; at the time that their acquaintance commenced she was nineteen.

Haughty and imperious in her manners, and a slave to the predominant feelings of her soul—highly accomplished, and very far from rich, the air of dignity that usually accompanied her every gesture, relaxed into a smile at the attentions of the susceptible young viscount. Not one generous passion warmed her heart; she was an ambitious slave, and the title and riches of young Drumlandrie were the only attractions he seemed to possess in her estimation.

Two beings more opposite, were never created.—Art supplied the place of the leading distinctions that reigned in their characters, on the female side; and love

obscured the visual optics of the adoring viscount.

Without Clarinda, life appeared a blank, and he vainly, at that early age, endeavoured to prevail upon her to unite their fates.

She had far too much art for that.—The sound of Viscountess Drumlandrie enchanted her ear, but she required something more substantial than empty title; and the many years that would intervene before he was of age, might present a superior offer. Of her own beauty, she was perfectly conscious, and Nature's opposite supplied the place of every virtue.

The viscount at length prevailed upon her, sacredly to promise that she

would be his immediately upon attaining the age of twenty-one.

With this he was compelled to be contented, adoring what he termed her nobleness of soul, and disinterestedness, as the reasons she alledged for not marrying him were, that it was possible, before that period, he might see some one he preferred; and that though being deprived of him would inflict a wound on the sensitiveness of her nature, still the consciousness of his happiness would carry its antidote with it. And another reason was, his allowance from his father's estate was far too limited for his expanded soul, and her trifling fortune was not worth mentioning; therefore

her esteem would not let her oppress what she loved. To attempt to shake her resolution, would be vain, as it was firmly fixed on the basis of honor and discretion.

What could the young viscount do? Only sigh and admire.

A visit of some months, he was necessitated to pay one of his guardians at Dublin.

He left his divine Clarinda, assured of her constancy. Judging of her worth by his own, he was convinced the oath they had exchanged would be as firmly binding to her as to himself; and in full confidence of her unalterable love, he tore himself away.

His friends, who dreaded the connec-

tion, proposed, by way of diverting his attention, to enter the army.

He was now near twenty. In less than a year and half, Clarinda would be his. Till that period, he could not be happy any where; but the life of a soldier would dissipate melancholy more than any thing else.

If his divinity approved, he resolved to comply.

He soon received an answer, apparently dictated by the fondest affection, recommending his immediate acquiescence, and telling him she felt assured, if he did not enter into the present scheme of his friends, they might adopt some other less pleasing, to separate them, as she was fully aware of their

wishes to prevent the union, but on his love, she placed a firm reliance.

The Guards was fixed upon by the viscount's guardian, as less likely than any other regiment to quit the metropolis of England.

He did not oppose it, and the time was fixed for his departure. But he previously resolved to pay his dulcinea a visit, and by way of rendering it more enchanting to her, he did not give any notice of his arrival.

As he approached the end of his journey, the mental anticipation of the enraptured lover made him represent the mantling blush of delight that would animate her cheek on his arrival, and shed fresh lustre from her piercing eyes.

How complete then was his mortification, to find her laughing with the Earl of Fairfax, a young nobleman, mean in his person, and boisterously rude in his address, and to find himself treated with little beyond cool civility, any approach to friendly freedom received an eye-beam that almost annihilated the youthful viscount.

With a mixture of rage and impatience, he waited the departure of the earl, when, turning to demand an explanation, the smile that so often fascinated so successfully his soul, again shed its irradiating influence over his heart, while extending one of the most perfect hands Nature ever formed, in a tone of the most melting tenderness, she exclaimed,

"Cruel Drumlandrie! you are angry with me, without giving yourself the trouble to investigate into the motives that influenced my conduct. Do you not know that Fairfax is your guardian's intimate friend? What uneasiness might I not have been the occasion of to you, if I had expressed those feelings that seemed bursting my heart for utterance?"

Before the viscount departed, confidence again took possession of his heart, but in a less limited degree than before.

After his arrival in England, though Clarinda's letters breathed love and truth, a former schoolfellow and intimate friend, who had never in one instance

deceived him, wrote accounts of her conduct, which frequently agonised him.

Clarinda's empire no longer existed in its full force upon his mind;—he had been in the constant habit of associating with Lady Charlotte Kilvain.

His oath given to Clarinda still remained, and his heart was torn by a contrariety of feelings.

He frequently wished to make Lady Charlotte his confidant, but it was a thing he could never prevail upon himself to do; and as soon as he had attained his twenty-first year within a very few months, obeyed his guardian's summons to repair again to his native land.

At parting with Lady Charlotte, those sentences which had made a deep impression on her mind, were uttered, without any previous design.

Clarinda's conduct towards him was now uncertain, and he was never sure, when he went to her house, of the reception he should meet with.

He often sighed, when he reflected upon Lady Charlotte and his oath.

Immediately upon returning with his guardians, from taking possession of his estates, which were situated far from Clarinda's abode, he waited upon her, to say he was no longer shackled; but during his absence, which had been from necessity protracted for some months, he had scarcely received a letter

from her; and was infinitely pleased to find that his engagement with her was cancelled by her having a right now to the title of Fairfax.

His vanity was mortified, but his heart dilated with satisfaction at the intelligence.

He hastened immediately to England, and to the Earl of Kilvain's.

From Lady Charlotte, he obtained an assurance of love, and pardon for conduct which had pained her, and from her father, a most fervent blessing, as he presented his daughter to him.

"Why did you say," demanded her ladyship, "'When we again meet, you will either despise me, or pardon my conduct?'"

"Would you not have despised me, if I had married one whom I no longer loved, or quitted her with perjury on my head? But I confess, when I parted from you, the idea of Fairfax was balm to my mind, if Clarinda were, or were not as my friend had pictured her."

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Why he is dead——
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know,
Hath by instinct, knowledge from other eyes,
That what he fear'd is chanc'd.

SHAKSPEARE.

FREDERICA's every hour was now employed with Lady Charlotte, in making preparations for her intended marriage; for Lord Drumlandrie petitioned so earnestly against delays, and was so strenu-

ously seconded by the earl, that Lady Charlotte, whose affections were entirely fixed, did not descend to the affectation of unnecessary procrastination.

Her ladyship obtained Frederica's consent to acquaint the viscount with her marriage. She readily yielded, as she considered the intended husband of Lady Charlotte as her brother.

After the marriage, the bride and bridegroom set off with the earl, for his Wiltshire estates. Frederica was fearful of accompanying them, as she was now in daily expectation of her husband's arrival. After an absence of a few weeks, Lord and Lady Drumlandrie again returned to the metropolis—splendor and hilarity attended their steps.

Frederica, mean while, was a prey to an uneasiness which she could only reveal to a very few friends. Ashford did not arrive; several packets since the one he had last written by, came, without bringing the slightest intelligence.

Captain Hildebrand and the earl participated in her sorrows. To Lady Drumlandrie she mentioned the subject as little as possible. "Why should I," she said, "cloud her dawn of happiness? It would be cruelty to her, without producing me any consolation."

June arrived. After the birth-day, they were to quit London.

Frederica was now wretched every where, and under the plea of indisposition, declined both paying and receiving visits.

In the newspaper, to her very great surprise, she one morning read, that the regiment to which Colonel Ashford belonged, was arrived in England.

She had scarce power to hand it to her grandfather, for his perusal.

It said they were on their march to Ashford Barracks.

"Let us, my dear sir," exclaimed she, in an agony, "lose no time, but hasten thither. Some fatal accident must have happened to Charles; of his love I am too well convinced to doubt its stability."

"We will, my child, and God grant that yours may not be a prophetic soul."

The veteran rang the bell, to order four horses to be put to the travelling chaise, and Frederica went to de-

sire her servant to put up a few things.

She had scarcely left the room, before the Earl of Kilvain and Lady Drumlandrie arrived. The paragraph had thrown them into an equal degree of agitation.

They came to enquire if they did not mean to pursue the plan that was actually in agitation.

Lord Kilvain requested to be of the sorrowing party; he could not, he said, remain passive in London.

They were soon ready to set out, and Lady Drumlandrie, with tears of real unhappiness, bade them adieu.

They entered the carriage, but had not got out of Piccadilly, before one of

grooms rode up, and stopping the postillions, told Captain Hildebrand, Major Fitzraymond was that moment arrived, and wished to see him.

The horses' heads were turned, and they were in an instant again at their own door.

The major came to hand Frederica from the carriage, and silently pressing her hand, led her into the library.

"This silence is more than I can endure," said she. "Tell me, I entreat you, the worst; indeed I will bear it with fortitude."

"Charles Ashford," returned the major——.

"Is no more," faintly exclaimed Fre-

derica, her countenance assuming an ashy paleness.

Fitzraymond could not reply.

"I knew it," said Frederica; "I was certain not any thing else would have prevented his writing. You of course know the reason that I have for feeling so particularly."

"I do," he replied; "necessity compelled him to tell me, else he would not have done it. He bade me demand pardon for his breach of faith."

"Poor Charles! Heaven knows how freely I exonerate you!"

She shed not a tear, but her whole frame seemed convulsed, and with a frenzied look, she frequently put her hand to her head.

Captain Hildebrand prevailed upon her to retire to her room.

" Yes, my dear grandfather, I will. Solitude is more suitable to my present state of mind than society; when I am better able to bear it," added she, turning to Major Fitzraymond, " there are many questions you must answer me."

The earl had not uttered one syllable since their return, and seemed lost in contemplations the most gloomy.

Captain Hildebrand seemed the most collected of the party, and requested Fitzraymond would tell him the occasion of poor Charles's fate, so early, so unexpected.

" Yes, do," said the earl, who seemed roused by the sound of his nephew's

name; it will do me good, my brain seems on fire."

" I easily conjectured by Charles's spirits, that his reception at Norval Castle had been pleasing; he returned almost himself, and related to me the intention he had of obtaining leave of absence, as soon after his arrival at St. Vincent as possible. Accordingly we had been but a very few weeks upon the island before he began to exert his interest; and when he wrote home he was actually on the point of obtaining leave. After that, he received permission to quit the West Indies by the following month's packet, for a twelvemonth. Noble fellow! how elated he was: he said he had scarce power to withhold

from me the transporting secret which occupied his every thought. I guessed that Miss Koningsberg had relented, but did not suspect that she was actually his.

"To make my melancholy story short—a week previous to his sailing, we were ordered, with a few men, into the woods, to discover a party of the natives who concealed themselves there, and committed great depredations, and exercised every species of cruelty on our troops who were unfortunate enough to become their prisoners; we were surrounded and taken—poor Ashford received a violent contusion on the head which deprived him of sense; we fought desperately while we were able, but over-

powered by numbers, it was in vain to resist; some few escaped, and the rest were borne triumphantly to fastnesses the natives had made.

"Ashford and myself were placed in a very small cave by ourselves—this was to me the only gratification it was possible for the present circumstances to admit of. After some hours he returned to recollection; then it was that he informed me of his marriage with Miss Koningsberg—he said he felt himself fast expiring, and his only reason for entrusting me with the secret, was to act as a stimulus, if I ever again reached our settlement, to hasten to England, and inform Mrs. Ashford of the sad particulars.

" He seemed to grow rapidly worse, my agonies were equal, in the mental light, to his corporeal sufferings. But what am I saying, the tortures of *his* mind were excruciating: on the third morning after our confinement, one of the Caribs, who was perfectly conversant with the English language, entered our cave; he looked at Ashford, and speaking to two men who attended him, ordered that my poor friend should be conveyed to a different place.

" I became like a maniac, and knelt to obtain permission to close those rayless eyes that seemed only conscious of one thing in existence, and that was Mrs. Ashford's idea.

" As they bore him from me, he gave my hand a convulsive grasp, and in a

whisper exclaimed, 'For God's sake go to my love.' Those were the last words I heard him utter.—A week passed, and I could gain not the slightest intelligence. At length the English Carib as I must call him, came to the mouth of my cave, and with a look of inhuman exultation, said, 'I have buried your friend.' Then, cried I, after he disappeared, all I have now to do, is to obey the poor fellow's last injunction.

"I employed various schemes for my escape—many failed, but one at length succeeded, and I reached the British settlement in safety. I will pass over the pleasure my return gave them, in silence; and the grief they expressed for Ashford's fate, who was generally beloved.

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

" I found our regiment was ordered home, as one from St. Kitt's was to relieve us. Had I been a few days later I could not have proceeded with them. I hastened to town instantly upon landing, as I was aware of the uneasiness you would undergo."

CHAP. XXXIX.

The heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last,
Their only wish to see.

All I of Venus ask, is this—
No more to let us join;
But grant me here this flatt'ring bliss,
To die and think you mine.

LYTTLETON.

FREDERICA had been so fully prepared for Colonel Ashford's death by his silence, that when the certainty arrived, she bore it with a kind of dignified re-

signation, that raised her in the estimation of the few that were acquainted with its real cause, her grief was not obtrusive, but of that kind which interests more, and usually continues longer. Ashford she had never professed to love, but she sincerely esteemed him, and he was her husband. From the Earl of Kilvain she heard the leading particulars of his nephew's fate.

Major Fitzraymond remained in London only one hour.

Captain Hildebrand would sit for hours silently gazing at the wan and altered countenance of Frederica, and sigh for the return of those invigorating smiles that used to shed a cheering influence upon all who witnessed them.

Lady Anne Norval and Lady Drumlandrie were constantly with her; and by slow degrees her spirits returned. Cheerfulness was the natural inmate of her bosom, and though in the course of Frederica's short period of existence, she had been frequently chaced from her favored abode, yet she seemed happy to take the first opportunity of again visiting that pure mind, which dire necessity alone had made her quit.

"There is no occasion for me to put on mourning," said Frederica one day to her friends, "it is only the tyranny of custom that obliges us frequently to wear a solemn suit which covers a heart of joy. I inwardly mourn the loss of an esteemed friend, all my innate feel-

ings bear testimony to the high opinion I had of him. No one knows I was his wife, nor will I ever have it revealed beyond its present limits."

Frederica was soon enabled to attend her friends to the earl's estate in Wiltshire; villatic scenes were more calculated for her present feelings. The society though confined, was select and pleasing. Melancholy gave place to a calm resignation, which soon yielded its empire to tempered cheerfulness.

Lady Drumlandrie exerted herself to the utmost to dissipate a gloom that for some time seemed unwilling to quit any of their minds, and succeeded beyond her most sanguine expectations.

Major Fitzraymond near the close of the summer, arrived at Kilvain to pay his

long promised visit to the earl. The sable impression of melancholy had long quitted his animated face. Soldiers cannot reflect constantly upon the death of a comrade, however beloved; it would enervate their courage were they suffered to do it; and very properly was it planned to attend their dead friend to the grave, with muffled drums, and every impressive mark of military honor, but no sooner is the poor fellow consigned to his native dust, than they march back to their station, enlivened by the cheering and inspiring sound of the regimental band, else the minds of the worthy creatures in the ranks would be rendered imbecile from affliction, as they are in general, from want of edu-

cation, and not having understandings sufficiently acquainted with the art of subduing natural feelings, to shake off the melancholy ideas that else would intrude.

Fitzraymond's ardent admiration of the widowed bride was quickly discernible to every individual of the little party at Kilvain, and they all witnessed it with approbation. The earl thought him worthy of succeeding his nephew, and perceived with satisfaction, that his attentions were gratifying to Frederica.

After remaining above two months at Kilvain, the major departed, leaving the most favorable impression of his excellent qualities upon all their hearts: he was one of those fortunate beings

who sometimes visit this sphere, who was certain of obtaining admiration wherever he went.

Frederica had justly, in the early part of their acquaintance, termed him a Proteus; in every estimable and charming quality he certainly was, as to render himself acceptable to every rank and denomination of society; he could with the most perfect ease, fall into their different humours, and was equally acceptable to the young and old, grave and gay of either sex.

After his departure, Frederica and Lady Drumlandrie retired to her ladyship's dressing-room, to enjoy the charming interchange of souls in conversation.

"I am going, Charlotte," commenced

Frederica, "to make you my confidant."

"I must anticipate your intelligence," interrupted her lively ladyship; "you love Fitzraymond—Fitzraymond loves you."

"Just so," replied her blushing friend. "I was ashamed of owning a weakness to you, which I would hardly suffer my own mind to harbour, but my first London winter of gaiety, when poor Ashford and Fitzraymond were so much in Piccadilly, my heart confessed the power of a man who seemed rather to shun my society than to derive any amusement from it. Fitzraymond I now find, put a force upon his inclinations. Ashford had told his friend that I was the object

of his love and pursuit; Fitzraymond avoided me—Mrs. Harcourt told me he was on the point of marriage."

"True," said Lady Drumlandrie, "I remember your informing me of it."

"Fitzraymond declares," replied Frederica, "it originated with herself. Some parts of his conduct have displeased her;—she conceived he meant to marry her. It was an idea the farthest from his mind; his visit to Ireland was merely to prove to her, that his attentions should only be denominated a flirtation; he never had any intention of being united to any one. Poor Charles told Fitzraymond that I consented to become his from compassion,

not love. This raised his hopes of ultimate success."

"Have you then, my dear, consented to be Fitzraymond's?"

"No; in the winter he will be in town for several months; I shall have plenty of time for consideration."

"Ah, Frederica! you are as completely resolved as if you had studied for ages. The major seems, in every respect, worthy of you; his is an enlightened, a cultivated mind. There will never be any dissimilarity in your pursuits; he has dedicated more time to the acquirement of useful knowledge than I should have thought possible, considering the endless variety of his engagements and duties. Charles had

a sound, natural understanding—an excellent heart; but as to mental endowments, he was the unfinished soldier of nature. His ideas were, that if an officer was a sincere friend, and sufficiently polished in his manners to be always acceptable in female society, it was enough; he ever found himself well received, and smiled at the pedant, whose studies disabled him from enjoying the conversation of beings whose minds were less sublimated than his own."

"Do not," said Frederica, "speak of our present conversation to Drumlandrie; he may accuse me of possessing want of feeling, in so soon thinking of becoming a wife again; but I fancy

myself, it is rather a redundancy of that which makes me so susceptible of Fitzraymond's intrinsic and external qualifications."

CHAP. XL.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy:
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still.

YOUNG.

VERY shortly after their arrival in town, Major Fitzraymond made his appearance.

He was received by Captain Hildebrand with every demonstration of satisfaction. From the first moment of beholding

him, he had ranked high in the veteran's estimation.

Eagerly did Fitzraymond watch for an opportunity of speaking to Frederica alone; chance soon yielded one, and he instantly commenced the subject nearest his heart.

"My Frederica," said he, "will now, I hope, give me the reward which my affection claims. Idle punctilio must vanish before sincere love. Charles Ashford has now been dead near fifteen months; your friends knew that your heart was not deeply interested when you bestowed upon him your hand; they cannot accuse you then of want of feeling—the tribute of sorrow he so justly merited, has been duly paid. The

world is ignorant of the sacred engagements that was entered into between you. I adore, I claim your pity. The love I bear you is not an idle passion, which owes its stability alone to your beauty and accomplishments; I have watched you narrowly at those times when circumstances, and the unrestrained adulation you every where received, threw you off your guard. Still I have ever found your estimable virtues preponderate; I have seen, I have heard you converse as a mere girl of fashion, with those to whom, in that character, you would alone be pleasing, and I have observed you turn to a being equally refined as yourself, and enchant by the sense and judgment that gave an inte-

rest to your animated enlivening discourse. I am in general, a gay, apparently thoughtless fellow; but still I am a critical observer of those I love. You will possibly despise me when I tell you that envy has crept into my mind frequently when I have seen my poor deceased friend cheered by your smiles and wit; and to own my every fault, and render me still more contemptible in your eyes, I must confess the cause of my elation on Captain Hildebrand's birth-night, was from the consciousness of Ashford's rejection.—Hope for a very short time cheered me. Despair again took possession of my mind when he returned from Suffolk comparatively happy. I was certain some material re-

volution had taken place in his fate—how *material* I little guessed. Can you pardon me, Frederica?"

"You know I can—so minute an observer of the mind must be fully sensible that women in general are too apt to forgive those faults which derive their origin in the heart of man; from themselves there is something so soothing to the inherent vanity of the sex in it, that though their judgment compels them to condemn their gratified pride, tempts them to excuse."

Fitzraymond obtained permission to inform Captain Hildebrand of his wishes; the veteran was enchanted at the idea, and gave a hearty concurrence, couched in terms of the highest approbation.

Frederica's spirits, which seemed in a constant state of fluctuation, again attained their highest pitch; the congratulations of her friends gratified, and she looked to her union with Fitzraymond as the final completion of her happiness.

"Then," said she to her grandfather, "I should hope your poor girl's sorrows would be at an end, and that I shall enjoy undisturbed peace; there has of late been too much of Fortune's extremes to render me perfectly happy; I have either been on the pinnacle of joy, or sunk deep in the abyss of woe."

The ceremony was now to take place in a very few weeks.

A small romantic estate which Lord

Drumlandrie had purchased in Berkshire, for its uncommon beauty, was prepared for their reception.

Here, with the few friends Frederica loved most on earth, they were to spend a short time, and then, accompanied by Captain Hildebrand, they were to join the regiment.

The veteran anticipated the time with delight; military proceedings had ever held out an unrivalled charm for him, and he was now on the point of being placed in the centre of what he most loved on earth.

Lady Anne Norval and Lady Drumlandrie were very busy in aiding their favorite with their advice in the choice of her different ornaments, as she deter-

mined to make a dash at the barracks.

The idea of that was still gratifying; for as I have more than once, gentle reader, had occasion to observe, my heroine does not rise one degree beyond mortality.

Mrs. Claresby was amongst the foremost of Frederica's congratulators; she said, the power of her charms were never more convincing than at present' as they had made Major Fitzraymond resign a young woman of uncommon beauty and very large estate.

The major entering at this instant, Frederica called upon him to answer for himself, for the charge that was preferred against him of inconstancy.

He solemnly asseverated his innocence, declaring it was one of those groundless reports that the world liked to cherish, and which resembled the snow-ball that accumulates as it proceeds, though originally it might scarcely be visible.

It afforded them a laugh after her departure.

The major said he could easily trace that to its source. What disseminates so quickly as the propagation of a lie? There is generally some attraction contained in it, and the prolific brain of Mrs. Harcourt no doubt dressed it out in glowing tints.

The Earl of Kilvain accompanied

Lord and Lady Drumlandrie into Berkshire, to be ready to receive the bride and bridegroom.

Mr. Norval and Lady Anne were to be present at the ceremony, and join their friends a few days after at the viscount's.

"When we meet again," said Frederica, "you will behold me the wife of Fitzraymond; and my heart presages omens the most pleasing from the event."

"I make no doubt," replied Lady Drumlandrie, to whom the above was addressed, "they will be just. You perceive how perfectly happy I am in that state into which you are on the point of entering, from marrying the

only man to whom my heart ever claimed kindred."

With widely different sentiments to those Frederica had experienced in her last unfortunate marriage, did she go through the present ceremony.

The elation of her soul mantled upon her cheek, and made her look lovely beyond description.

With rapture, the happy Fitzraymond embraced her, and felicitated himself upon the blissful feelings that were inspired from calling her his.

With a light heart, she entered the carriage that was to convey her to Berkshire, saying, the last thing to Lady Anne, " I shall only now,

my dear friend, want your society; then I shall not have a wish of my heart ungratified, and our happy party may defy care."

CHAP. XLI.

Oh, think not, that the pow'r
Of most persuasive eloquence can make me
Forget I've been another's—been his wife.

ROWE.

Shortly, oh, very shortly! if my sorrows
Divine aright, and heav'n be gracious to me,
Death shall dissolve the fatal obligation,
And give me up to peace.

ROWE.

THEY arrived at the end of their journey to a late dinner, and were received by their friends, with delight.

Lady Drumlandrie could only take

her eyes from her beautiful friend to fix them on the handsome, happy Fitzraymond. She thought she had never beheld two people who seemed more entirely formed for each other.

Captain Hildebrand appeared the most transported of the party; his joy was loquacious, and his affectionate remarks amused and gratified them all.

The servant had just placed the candles in the drawing-room, when the furious rattling of a carriage approaching the door, attracted their attention.

"Who can this possibly be, so late!" said Lady Drumlandrie. "Very few of our friends know that we are here, and those few are aware that to-day their presence would be an intrusion."

The door burst open—a man rushed in.

"'Tis Ashford!" exclaimed Frederica, and fell lifeless on the floor.

In a state of frenzy, he caught her in his arms, and wildly clasped her to his bosom, saying, "Revive, my love—my wife; look upon your agonised, your adoring Charles, for you are mine—you shall be mine; Fitzraymond shall not tear you from me. Away, sir," said he, turning to the major; she is mine—do not approach her."

The confusion of the scene cannot be done justice to: all was riot and agony, and the contrast was more glaring from the recent happiness every individual had experienced.

Frederica opened her eyes, and cast a look of affection upon Fitzraymond. She appeared lost and unable to account for all she saw; but Ashford's wild exclamations restored her thinking powers, and produced a violent gush of tears.

Lady Drumlandrie had prevailed upon him to quit his hold of Frederica, and he retired a few paces from the sopha, firmly grasping Fitzraymond's arm, to prevent his advancing towards it.

No one seemed endued with either power or inclination to break the awful silence, till Frederica said, "Cruel Ashford! will you tear me from Fitzraymond, the object of my fondest affection?"

"My love! my idolized bride! (dis-

engaging himself from Ashford's grasp), we will not be separated. Horror, madness, would ensue, if you were to command me from you. Ashford, for God's sake, explain why you are here—why you did not write to England?"

Frederica's confession of the love she bore Fitzraymond, had wrought an entire change in Ashford's actions; he threw himself into a chair, and sobbed with anguish.

Violence no longer distinguished him, and he did not attempt to interrupt the soothings of Fitzraymond to the almost distracted Frederica.

"Lead me, lead me, Charlotte," she exclaimed, "from this torturing scene; I cannot bear it."

"Stop," said Ashford, with a degree of melancholy firmness; "Fitzraymond has your heart. I too well know, when I received your hand, your compassionate nature, urged by the solicitations of my friends, procured it me—not affection; you told me so. My claim is equal, not superior to George's; be happy with him, and let not my meloncholy fate interrupt your bliss."

"Impossible!" said Frederica; "happiness and I must now, indeed, for ever be separated. You must both of you quit this house; the sight of either would encrease those pangs which seem now to assail me, past the powers of endurance. If you follow me," added she, observing that Fitzraymond was preparing to quit the room with her, "I

will not attempt to answer for the dreadful consequences it may produce."

Lord Drumlandrie detained him; and her ladyship, in a state little better than her wretched friend, led her to her apartment.

Frederica's tears again began to flow.

Lady Drumlandrie saw them with pleasure, and purposely addressed her in a style most likely to increase than diminish them. She felt it was the only chance for preserving the intellect of the wretched sufferer, who, at length, said, "Now, Charlotte, the climax of woe is complete—the cup of misery has been drained to the dregs. There is scarcely a species of human sorrow that

I have not experienced; imprisonment, beggary, even the loss of my grandfather, seemed light to my present tortures. What am I to do—how act?"

"Be happy with the man you love, and leave Ashford to me; I will beguile him of his sorrows; I will teach him to extract comfort from the consciousness of your felicity."

"And do you yet, Charlotte, know so little of your friend, as to suppose she could be happy with the man she loved—that felicity would ever visit her bosom, when she reflected, that one whom she esteemed—who had a prior right to her, was wretched from her conduct? No, no, that can never be."

"Dear Frederica, you have not had

sufficient time to methodise your thoughts. Will it not be better for one to be unhappy than three?"

"In my opinion, not. The first words I uttered when I recovered from fainting, was the ebullition of disappointed affection—I now speak from the calmer dictates of reason. Here, where I have experienced misery so acute—woe so unprecedented, I will reside; Drumlandrie will not refuse me the melancholy consolation of remaining in this place. Leave me, dear Charlotte, to myself now: do not dread any act of violence; from that religion which has hitherto supported me, I shall derive calmness and fortitude. Prevent my grandfather from coming to me; his grief I could not bear—my own I feel I can. To-morrow morning I

give you my honor, I will be more composed; I never deceived you yet—distrust seems visible on your countenance—I will never intentionally do a thing to pain those I love. And now God bless you; to-morrow I will write to——.Oh, there is distraction in the idea! Pray let them leave the house."

Lady Drumlandrie after waiting till Frederica again resumed her heroic fortitude, and then, with tears, she quitted her, and joined the wretched party in the drawing-room.

"How is my love?" exclaimed Fitzraymond, when her ladyship appeared.

The miserable grandfather silently pressed her hand—a tear of bitter anguish fell from his eye.

Drumlandrie was silently pacing the

room in agitation, and Ashford leaning his head against the wall, with one of his hands clasped to his burning forehead, and the other firmly pressing his uncle's, as if he was the sole comfort he had on earth.

By degrees, Lady Drumlandrie urged the propriety of their quitting the house; she said it was the wish of Frederica.

The sound of her name acted as a magnet, and they rushed to the door.

"In the morning," said Lady Drumlandrie, "you will be made acquainted with her final determination."

Ashford threw himself into his chaise, which waited, and conveyed him to the inn; and Lord Drumlandrie had his

horses put to, which took the wretched Fitzraymond from that mansion which, a few hours before, he had entered with the lovely Frederica, cheered by affection, hope, and happiness.

CHAP. XLII.

The time for tender thoughts and soft endearments
Is fled away and gone; joy has forsaken us;
Our hearts have now another part to play;
They must be steeled with some uncommon fortitude.
ROWE.

WHEN the apparently dying Ashford had been taken from the side of Fitzraymond by the Carib, he was removed to a cave, dug deep in the ground.

The man waited only the absence of his comrades to assure the colonel, he was with one who loved the English, and had only taken him from his friend that he might have an opportunity of healing his wound, which, if he did publicly, it would give offence to the chiefs, and endanger his own existence. The reason he had given for bringing him to his own cave, was, that he might torture the dying man more at his leisure.

The simples he applied, and the hope he communicated to the heart of Ashford, in a very few days, produced a miraculous effect.

He removed his prisoner to a more distant cave, and gave out he was dead.

To visit Fitzraymond alone, he could not do, but one day attended the men who went to his cave, and with exultation in his countenance, said, "I have buried your friend," and by different gestures, endeavoured to make the major comprehend the truth; but every thing was misconstrued by Fitzraymond, who imagined they were meant as marks of diabolical satisfaction.

Shortly after, by the merest chance, the friendly Carib thought himself fortunate in obtaining an opportunity of alone going to Fitzraymond's cave.

On the wings of philanthropy, he went to cheer him respecting Ashford, and to say he hoped, in the course of a few months, to be able to obtain the release of both.

When he arrived, the cave was vacated.

Ashford's agony at hearing this, amounted nearly to frenzy. He knew Fitzraymond would naturally return to England, and report his death. The consciousness that he was not beloved by Frederica, made him place little reliance upon the hope of her long remaining unmarried; but then the delicate purity of her mind made him flatter himself that she would not for a year, yield herself up to another.

Could he have obtained paper, the Carib was not enabled to convey a letter to the British settlement.

A prey to suspense the most agonising, at length, at the end of fifteen months,

his friendly protector devised a plan for his escape, which succeeded.

Immediately upon joining his countrymen, he obtained a sufficient supply of money, and waited for a vessel which did not sail for near a month.

The winds were unpropitious—the voyage consequently tedious.

Harassed in person and mind, he arrived at the Earl of Kilvain's in Arlington Street, as he feared surprising Frederica.

He there heard, that very morning, she had given her hand to Fitzraymond.

Despair and jealousy obliterated every other feeling, and he hastened after them into Berkshire, and made his

sudden appearance in the manner already described.

At an early hour the following day, Lady Drumlandrie knocked at Frederica's door.

She obtained immediate admission.

"You have not been in bed, my dearest friend," said her ladyship, shocked at her appearance.

"No," replied Frederica, in a firm collected tone; "as I felt it impossible to sleep, I dedicated the greatest part of the night to reflection as collected as I could experience, and since day-light, I have been employed in writing. My resolution remains firm; I will not live with Fitzraymond; Ashford is of course out of the question; I love Fitzraymond too tenderly to think of that."

" Are you resolved, Frederica?"

" Firmly; not even the persuasions of those friends whose wishes were laws to me, can change me. It is seldom I am so firm."

Had Frederica cried violently, or filled the air with complaints, it would not have pained so much as the settled misery that appeared in her countenance.

Lady Drumlandrie wept.

" Dear Charlotte," said Frederica, pressing her hands to her beating head, " how I envy you! I wish I could cry, but the sources of sorrow which used to relieve me so often, seems dried up, or else retreated to the streams of anguish that seem bursting my heart; but I am

convinced I shall very soon be better. Ashford lives—Fitzraymond lives—my friends will rather love me more. When I hear that those who now share sorrow with me, are resigned, I shall be very different, indeed I shall."

Not even the meeting with Captain Hildebrand could extract one tear from Frederica's eyes, though those of the veteran flowed fast, while he pressed his darling to his agitated bosom.

"Can you forgive me!" said she, presenting her hand to Lord Kilvain. "I have destroyed the happiness of your nephew."

"Forgive you!" replied he. But his feelings deprived him of the powers of utterance; he could only kiss her

hand with every demonstration of affection.

Frederica rose, and presenting a paper to Lord Drumlandrie, said, "My lord, convey the sentiments this contains, to my fellow sufferers; but first peruse it aloud, that my friends may hear a determination which nothing can shake."

She walked to the window, and pensively folding her arms, seemed unconscious that he was reading any thing which concerned her, so completely was she absorbed in her own reflections.

The paper contained the following words:

"Though my resolve is sudden, yet it is firm, and will continue so.—Ashford's generous resignation of me in fa-

vor of Fitzraymond, cannot be accepted; even with the man whom I love, I should be miserable when I reflected (and when should I not reflect,) that Ashford was unhappy, and that I was the occasion of it. Let me now entreat that you will neither of you endeavour to see me; the circumstances that have occurred will render the metropolis at present miserable to me. The unfortunate particulars of the recent melancholy events will of course be blazoned abroad; we shall consequently not be obliged ever to meet, as the certainty of every one being acquainted with my story will keep me from London. Content, I hope, has not for ever fled from me, and believe me, the most effectual

method of courting her return will be from the pleasing confidence that neither of you are inferior in fortitude to her, who, upon her bended knees, prays to the Omniscient Ruler of the universe to mitigate the poignancy of your present sufferings."

"And this is your actual determination?" said the earl, approaching Frederica, when his son-in-law had concluded.

"Firm," she replied.

"I admire you for it," he continued; "there is a delicacy in your conduct that makes me love you better than ever."

"I am glad of it," she returned, not seeming to know what she had said.

Advancing to her grandfather, she took his hand, saying, "My dear sir, my happiness has, I well know, ever been your peculiar study."

"It has, my child," he replied. "Tell me what I am to do to endeavour to restore the frightened inhabitant back again to your bosom."

"Prevail upon Lord Drumlandrie to suffer you to purchase this estate."

"My child, my darling, it will render you more wretched; it will keep alive sentiments in your bosom which should be smothered."

"Indeed, dear sir, it will not; should I find myself deceived in my conjecture, believe me, I would instantly give it up; for your sake, for my own, I will not

cherish that guest who every one ought to strive to banish. In the welfare and comfort of my friends I shall again partake of peace; at present my philosophy is of little avail."

Lord Drumlandrie waited upon the unfortunate bridegrooms, Ashford was calmly resigned, and could not avoid experiencing a sentiment of satisfaction from Frederica's having declined his offer of resignation.

Fitzraymond was wild; he could hardly be prevented from flying to Frederica: but Lord Drumlandrie at length prevailed upon him to desist, by saying he felt fully convinced it would nearly destroy her he loved, without having power to change her resolution; nor did he

leave them till they had each of them, within a few hours of one another, quitted the neighbourhood, a prey to anguish.

CHAP. XLIII.

Yet morning smiles, the busy race to chear,
To warm their little loves, the birds complain,
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.
GRAY.

LORD DRUMLANDRIE and Captain Hildebrand speedily arranged every affair respecting the purchase of the estate, and the latter quietly took possession.

Lady Anne and Mr. Norval, whom Lady Drumlandrie had written to, informing them of the melancholy particulars that had occurred, came immediately down.

From the former, Frederica experienced more comfort than any one. Not having been on the spot, her mind was not so fully impressed with every scene; nor did she pain Frederica as the rest of her friends did, from the consciousness that the melancholy events must present themselves with fresh vigor to their fancy, when they conversed with her.

Lady Drumlandrie perceived this, and as the viscount's duty called him to town, accompanied her husband and father.

Lady Anne, after remaining a few weeks, left her young friend with her grandfather; she never mentioned either of those names which awakened such agonising sensations.

She became the general benefactress of the little village.

When she was with her grandfather, she was frequently cheerful—never gay.

In books, she lost a great part of reflection, and would read for hours, with the most unwearied attention, to Captain Hildebrand.

He, who had never practised deceit, imagined Frederica's serenity was real, not assumed, and could she ever have worn the appearance of gaiety, he would have experienced once more happiness.

Thus passed those days which a few weeks before, Frederica had anticipated with delight.

The poor people in the neighbourhood considered her as an angel come amongst them; her melancholy and goodness created such mingled sentiments of gratitude and compassion, that she was idolized and followed by their prayers, wherever she went.

Mean while the desponding bridegrooms hastened to town.

Colonel Ashford obtained a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Guards, as he could not endure the idea of associating with Fitzraymond.

The latter joined his regiment, resolved to sell out, and retire into

the country far from the turmoil of life; but his friends dissuaded him strenously. They said, as there was a secret expedition confidently spoken of, and that regiment having received orders to hold itself in readiness, the misjudged part of mankind might consider it as pusillanimity.

Glory was still his delight, not any thing could check the glowings of the martial flame in his breast, his eyes flashed fire, and his pallid cheek assumed the crimson of insulted valour, at the bare possibility of such a suggestion insinuating itself into the mind of any one.

He would remain in the regiment, he would tread the glorious path of

honor, death might arrest him in the career—life was no longer desirable, he looked at every thing through the medium of disappointed affection.

His brother officers with whom he had ever been a favourite, respected his sorrows, and did not intrude upon that solitude he seemed ever to quit with regret.

Privately he made enquiries respecting his adored Frederica, he could not help thinking her award too rigorous.

With pleasure he heard of her serenity; but not with surprise, the many acts of real benevolence she so constantly performed.

At the end of the summer, Lady

Drumlandrie wrote to Frederica, informing her that the viscount was going on the secret expedition. "Let me, my beloved friend," she said, "be with you during his absence, we shall derive comfort from each other's society, you will feel for me and will pour the balm of consolation into my wounded mind, I have been in a state of extreme wretchedness since the news was first broke to me, how many miserable beings are now oppressed by similar feeling—a father, brother, husband, on the point of quitting them, possibly never to return; I am tortured—let me conclude; you are the only being from whom I can receive comfort."

Frederica immediately wrote to de-

sire Lady Drumlandrie to hasten into Berkshire. "Come," said she, "my Charlotte to those who love you, to those who know how to feel for the woes of others from sad experience of their own, and who will endeavour to ameliorate those terrors which must be so oppressive to one who loves as you do."

Lord Drumlandrie brought his wife to Frederica. "I cannot," said he, "take leave of Charlotte—I must immediately depart; to your judicious mind I must leave the developement of my absence, it is a trying task, and I scarce know if I am acting properly in imposing it upon you, but having been wounded by the trying hand of affliction yourself, it renders you feelingly

alive to the sorrows of another, and touchingly tender in administering consolation."

He departed, and Frederica revealed the sad certainty to her friend who bore it far better than even she herself thought possible she could have done.

The news of taking of Alkmaar put them all in comparative good spirits.

Lord Drumlandrie was exhilirated with the success of our troops, his every sentence breathed delight and hope, which infused itself speedily into the mind of her ladyship, being administered by such a hand.

For the first time, Frederica, with an agitated countenance, mentioned Fitzraymond and Ashford, "I know," she

said, "they are with the expedition, but can you tell me any thing satisfactory respecting their spirits?"

"Not satisfactory, my dear Frederica, Ashford was continually with us in town, he is altered in every respect; in company he never utters a syllable, when he is only with us you are his constant theme, and he often laments that he had not been detained some weeks longer by the friendly Carib, your unhappiness then might only have been temporary, and he could not have been more wretched."

"Indeed," replied Frederica, "I do not think I should have been less so, I should have accused myself constantly for my precipitancy. But do you know

any thing respecting the other unfortunate ?"

Lady Drumlandrie then related the few particulars that have been mentioned concerning him.

" What a wretched trio," sighed Frederica, " consolation in this world can never again cheer us, I am doomed to make those I love, unhappy; mine is a hard fate—so young, so miserable; and I have every prospect of continuing for years in the same melancholy way, it is very seldom that quiet unobtrusive grief like mine, destroys; but I will be patient, the Almighty wills it so, and it is the duty of us finite mortals to bow humbly to the yoke that oppresses us."

" I had hoped," returned Lady

Drumlandrie, " that you had possessed more serenity of mind than I find you do; indeed, my dear, exertion is necessary, this solitude increases your depression; next winter you must come to me, it is a duty for you to mix in society with moderation, the fatigue of your own house would be at present too much for you, but mine will inure you by degrees."

" And can you, my friend, think that I will again join those scenes which will for ever bring to my recollection past events, is it not more than possible that I may encounter one of my unfortunate friends, and could I bear to know myself the subject of conversation in every family, and the finger of pity

pointed at me, as the poor girl who had two husbands living, and yet was husbandless? No, no, let me remain quietly here, calmness is all I require now, and that I constantly experience."

CHAP. XLIV.

Are ye then come at last to bless my eyes,
Which could not close, without one parting view.
ROWE.

PEACE made but a short abode in the bosom of Lady Drumlandrie, the news of our being obliged to give up the post we had obtained, and the number of officers that were lost, filled her mind with the most anxious alarm.

She kept the Gazette from Frederica, as both Fitzraymond and Ashford were among the wounded. Lord Drumlandrie was not mentioned, but as her ladyship had not received any letter, the gloomy presages of her mind dictated every thing that was dreadful.

Frederica watched her night and day with the most unremitting solicitude, till she was cheered by a letter from Lord Drumlandrie, widely different from the preceding one.

Every hope of advantage for the English was cut off, and the troops were preparing with haste to quit those fatal shores which had only yielded inglorious disappointment.

Ashford he said was severely wounded—it seemed to him very improbable

that he would ever again reach England; he had seen him, and it was his earnest wish to do so, as he once more felt anxious to see Frederica.

The viscount added, "It will be necessary, dear Charlotte, for you to inform your friend of this; should he exist to return, his final dissolution must very soon take place; therefore she must be in readiness to comply with a request, that however poignant her own anguish will be on the occasion, it would be barbarity in the extreme to refuse complying with. Of Fitzraymond I know little—but that the regiment he belongs to has ever distinguished itself gloriously, and that his intrepidity and valour was worthy of him."

Lady Drumlandrie now found it ne-

cessary to inform Frederica of the melancholy summons she had every reason to expect.

Her agitation at the intelligence was greater than her friend had even feared; at first she declared her total inability to comply with his request.

"I cannot," exclaimed she, "support it; I am certain I shall expire by the side of the wounded man if I attempt it.'

But the mild exhortations of the dejected Captain Hildebrand tended to sooth the perturbation of her mind.

"It is a request, my child, you must comply with," said the good old man; "I well know how acutely you will suffer, but if the poor fellow falls a victim

to his country, do you think you can ever reconcile the idea to yourself of depriving his last moments of one cheering scene, however transient? My Frederica has always studied other's happiness before her own, and surely in this case, where it is so pre-eminently necessary, she will not faulter."

Lord Drumlandrie shortly after surprised them in Berkshire; after the first ebullition of transport his safe arrival produced on the mind of her ladyship evaporated, she anxiously enquired respecting Ashford.

"Have you prepared our friend?" demanded he.

"I have; and though she feels scarcely able to support the idea of

seeing him; still, if he really thinks it will conduce to his comfort, she will overcome her own feelings, and only consider his."

"Then let her hasten to him—he yet lives; that is, he did when I quitted him, and is more earnest than ever for the interview. Frederica should set off instantly if she wishes to diffuse calm and content over his last moments."

When Lady Drumlandrie informed Frederica, she did not utter a syllable in opposition to their journey commencing directly. "It is inevitable," she said, "Ashford's dying minutes shall not be pained by the weakness of a refusal."

Her ladyship gave necessary orders for immediate departure, and Frederica,

for the first time since she had been set down a happy bride at those gates, entered a carriage; it made recollection return with full force, and when they arrived at the Earl of Kilvain's, where the dying Ashford was, she was lifted from the chaise in a state of actual insensibility.

The earl, with grief written in legible characters on his countenance, entered the apartment where his daughter was bathing the temples of her lifeless friend, with hartshorn.

"He is alive, Charlotte," said he, mournfully, "and that is all; revive her if possible; he will die wretched he says, if he does not once more behold her."

Near two hours elapsed before Frederica was in a state to enter the chamber of Ashford. Strong cordials had been administered, and Lady Drumlandrie attended her to her cousin's room, with a variety of restoratives, as she judged it impossible, in her present state of debility, to undergo the trying scene.

With tottering steps she approached the bed. "Is it my Frederica?" said the dying man.

She pressed his hand: the clammy dew of death was upon it; it seemed to convey itself to her heart, and strike there with an iron coldness.

"I have much to say," said he, in a hollow tone; "I have to ask your for-

giveness for the many moments of misery you have endured from my sudden appearance. Do you pardon me, my love?"

"It is I," said the agitated girl, "that have reason to ask that question; your sorrows have even been more acute than mine."

"Recrimination on either side," said he, "is now vain. When I am gone, you will be very wretched, but the lenient hand of time and reflection will effect wonders; promise me, then, that you will not, from a false regard to my memory, refuse to seek for comfort in the arms of Fitzraymond."

"Comfort and I are for ever separated, dear Charles; Fitzraymond and I will never meet again."

"You are now," faintly articulated the dying man, "in the chamber of death; you are on the point of losing for ever one who dies happy, from the reflection that you esteemed him. Fitzraymond is not here to plead his own cause: promise then, that if you find that your own happiness can be insured by living with George, that you will think, if I am permitted to inspect terrestrial scenes, I shall rejoice in it."

"I promise," said Frederica.

"Then I die in peace; you will—you must yet be happy. Cherish my memory—speak often of me, but derive joy from knowing I quit the world without a pang. I have suffered greatly from the pain of my wound; I believe

it has made me a coward, and I long to be released. Now that I have seen you, I have done with the world; and now one last embrace, and you shall be released from a trial you seem ill able to sustain."

Frederica was immediately removed to Piccadilly, and put to bed; medical aid was likewise called in.

The day following, Colonel Ashford breathed his last in the arms of Lord Drumlandrie, exulting in his early fate, and calling down blessings upon the friends he loved.

Frederica was ever the superior consideration with him, and he strictly enjoined Lady Drumlandrie to exert herself in comforting her friend for his de-

mise, which he knew, would deeply afflict her; and when grief began to fade before the cheering and anxious solicitude of friendship, to make a point of introducing Fitzraymond again to her society. "Frederica loved him," added he; "the impression is not now so strong on her mind, but when they again meet, it will return with acquired strength."

CHAP. XLV.

——— Thou murd'rous sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her blood—pursue her still?
Must she then die?
ROWE.

FOR many days, Frederica's life was despaired of, and she returned again to health by degrees so slow and almost imperceptible, that her anxious friends trembled lest her sorrows should termi-

nate in death, while she was yet in the prime of youth.

Captain Hildebrand would not quit her apartment, and by the anguish he endured, and his unremitted attention, before she was in a state to perform the part of nurse, Frederica was hardly saved from a relapse by the alarms she felt on her grandfather's account.

He kept his bed, and she would not be prevented from visiting him.

Her attention worked miracles, and they were soon enabled to sit in Frederica's dressing-room, and receive the very few friends that were admitted.

As soon as Frederica was able to bear it, Lady Drumlandrie informed her that Colonel Ashford had considered

her in his will, as if she had actually borne his name, and resided with him as his wife.

The addition of fortune did not communicate one sentiment of pleasure. In her gayest times, she had ever had sufficient, and now, great as was her benevolence, her income was beyond her wants; yet she felt gratitude to the deceased, and loved to dwell, both when in conversation with his friends, or in reflection, upon the virtues which, in the vortex of dissipation, still loved to cling to his heart.

Captain Hildebrand said, misery had lost its power of paining, or that he had outlived his feelings, for he seemed callous; there was only one thing

which could now shake his firmness, and that was an event which, a few weeks back, he had had every reason to dread.

"Are you sufficiently strong," said Lady Drumlandrie, one day, to Frederica, "to hear the name of Fitzraymond, without producing violent agitations?"

"Very few things can now have power to shake me; therefore, dear Charlotte, I am ready to hear whatever you may have to say respecting him."

"He is now in town; the dangers and fatigues he has undergone are great beyond expression. I feared you could not have borne the account, but the same Gazette contained the information that both Ashford and Fitzraymond were wounded."

"And how is George?" anxiously interrupted Frederica.

"There is not any danger to be apprehended from his wound of course, or I should not even now have informed you of it. As the reward for his sufferings, he wishes to see you."

"Not yet," replied Frederica; "indeed I cannot bear it yet; I must argue with my feelings for many days, before I can attempt even thinking it possible to behold the man I so sincerely loved. I have been the cause of all his sufferings; till he beheld me, he was gay, animated, happy—the delight of every society."

"And that he may again be what he was, is the reason that urges him to wish to see you. He is fully sensible he possesses your heart; every barrier that

delicacy and refinement of feeling raised, are now levelled in the dust. Remember your promise to poor Charles."

"I shall never forget it, my friend; but recollect the terms he couched it in—'If you think your own happiness can be insured by living with George.' I well remember the words; every syllable he uttered is indelibly imprinted here (putting her hand to her heart), and will not be forgotten till it ceases to beat."

"And do you not," demanded Lady Drumlandrie, "think you could now be happy with Fitzraymond?"

"I fear never."

"My dear Frederica, I insist upon your calling into action all those finer

sensibilities of your nature which used to constitute your principal attraction; exert yourself, your mental powers else will sink into a state of inert torpidity that will be an added source of misery to yourself, and insure the wretchedness of those who so sincerely love you."

"Charlotte do not decide rashly upon my motives; look at this pale, this emaciated form, does it not seem as if a coffin would be more calculated for my present state, than the idea of love and joy?"

"Since I attained my fifteenth year, scarce a twelvemonth has elapsed without producing some dreadful scene of woe to me; my constitution is undermined, and I can never more expect to recover my wonted elasticity of spirits.

Shall I take this care-worn heart to the arms of one who deserves every blessing existence can yield. Shall I add to those accumulated sorrows I have already made him experience, by suffering him to be a spectator of my daily decline—he loves me, and must be unhappy from witnessing it. When I gave him my hand with my heart, I was not totally unworthy of him, now I am: that which used to be the seat of gaiety and happiness is occupied by despair, and the chilling hand of death, which seems ready to check its every respiration."

"Frederica," said Lady Charlotte, "your conversation wounds me to the quick, and I am certain is very detrimental to yourself; you do not, as for-

merly, endeavour, for the sake of your friends, to overcome your own feelings; look at your respectable grandfather, one who exists but in your presence—can you bear to watch his countenance, on which is pourtrayed all his innate wretchedness without striving, as you formerly did, to make life pleasing to him. Do not think me severe in speaking thus; believe me it proceeds from the real and sincere love I bear you. But hear me while I declare," said her ladyship, smiling, "that Fitzraymond shall come here. I am sure, after the first evaporation of the sentiments his presence will call into action, you will be better."

"That petitioning countenance does

not avail—I am resolved, and my resolutions resemble iron, which is very long in heating, but then it is an immense time ere it cools. Therefore I do not determine rashly, but when I am convinced I have properly, not any thing can shake my purpose.—Then let me at least have some weeks to brave my mind for the awful period."

"No;" replied her ladyship, smiling, "I am well convinced the more time you have for consideration, the less able you will be to bear it; constant dwelling for any length of time, upon a circumstance which seems trying, will, instead of invigorating, depress the mind, and render you incompetent to the task. The day after to-morrow, Fitzraymond

shall attend me here, for his wounds of every description require cicatrizing; his internal agitation prevents his arm from healing; at present there is not any danger to be apprehended from it, but I will not answer for the consequences if you do not cheer him by a hope, however distant, that you will one day again consent to be his. Be kind to him, be kind to yourself," added she, smiling, "for I am certain, though you may not be happy with him, you will be wretched without him."

CHAP. XLVI.

Compassion swells our grief; words soft and kind
But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
YOUNG.

WHEN Lady Drumlandrie was gone, Frederica had time for reflection; her heart which had been lacerated at every pore, seemed now to unite a degree of dread and eagerness to behold Fitzraymond.

Her ladyship's conversation which had been more resolute, and less kind than usual, had likewise been of infinite utility.

Kindness carried to excess, warps the mind, and renders the judgment imbecile. That had been Frederica's case. The multiplicity of her afflictions had called forth the full tide of sympathetic affection from the hearts of her friends, which they had poured forth with such lavish hands, that though, for a time, it produced a slight degree of comfort, yet it still kept the mental wounds in a constant state of inflammation, and produced inertion of sentiment; reflection from too much indulgence of its object could only point to one centre.

Lady Drumlandrie's recent admonitory discourse roused the torpor that was diffusing itself over the soul of Frederica.

She beheld at this moment, from her window, Captain Hildebrand, with melancholy, approaching that home which had once yielded him every satisfaction, but which now only added poignancy to the acuteness of his sensations. "Respectable, beloved friend!" exclaimed Frederica; "it is the reflection of my woes that clouds that venerable countenance. I will exert myself, dear Charlotte, for the sake of him who derives every care, or every joy from me. Though I may not live for Fitzraymond, yet I will for you."

I should wish, reader, to give every degree of credit to the motive which actuated the Match Girl's new formed resolve; but I cannot help shrewdly conjecturing that the idea of again beholding the only man she had ever loved, had (even unknown to herself) been the leading spring of her determination.

In spite of the agitation of her spirits, her mind felt more calm, and Captain Hildebrand was charmed with the exertion he perceived she was making to conquer her depression.

He was at the Earl of Kilvain's when Lady Drumlandrie returned, and by her was informed that Frederica and Fitzraymond were again to meet.

"I dread the interview," said the captain; "my child can never support it in her present state of weakness: it would not surprise me if the shock was to produce immediate dissolution."

"Do not, my dear sir, conjure up such dreadful images to horrorize us all; depend upon it, I know more of Frederica than to dread any thing so shocking. At first, I shall expect something very trying, but after that, the conversation of the man whom she loves, will, depend upon it, be the most ameliorating balsam we can offer to her mangled mind."

Frederica talked with so much serenity and composure of the projected inter-

view, that her grandfather's fears were dispelled.

Hope again cheered his mind. The beloved of his heart might yet, after all her sorrows, be happy.

The idea was invigorating, and for the first time for many months, he laid his aged head on the pillow environed by pleasing visions.

On the morning that Frederica expected Fitzraymond, it was with difficulty she could support herself; and when the carriage stopped at the door, and a footman's rap announced their arrival, she was on the point of giving up the interview, and when Lady Drumlandrie entered her dressing-room, she found her gasping for breath.

She approached, and folding her arms tenderly about her friend, "Now, my Frederica," said she, "is the moment for exertion arrived; prove to me, that I am not deceived in the opinion I have formed of you, and that, in the instant of trial, you will not fail, but calling all the firmness of your soul to your aid, act as I expect my magnanimous friend will do."

It had the desired effect. Soothing would totally have incapacitated Frederica from being able to support the interview. The idea of acting up to the opinion her dear Charlotte had formed of her, strengthened her mind; it called pride to her aid, which braced those feelings which were on the point of re-

laxing. "Lead him to me," exclaimed she, in a tone of heroic enthusiasm, "before the firmness you have instilled, declines."

The door flew open—Fitzraymond, pale and wan, was in an instant at her feet.

Lady Drumlandrie disappeared, and went to seek Captain Hildebrand, who had shut himself in the library, unable to bear the idea of being present at the trying interview.

"Fear not, my dear sir," said her ladyship; "although I did not stay an instant after Fitzraymond's entrance, yet I was in the room a sufficient time to know that your child's firmness would exceed our most sanguine hopes."

Frederica, for some time, could not utter a syllable. She gazed with a mixture of wild agony and dismay, at the altered countenance of Fitzraymond.

Lady Drumlandrie had prepared her to expect a wonderful change, but the most terrific images of alteration could not have supplied an adequate idea of the entire difference she witnessed.

Yet he possibly never looked more interesting. Dressed in a complete suit of black for the husband of his bride, his wounded arm supported by a sling, and his dark brown hair, gave a higher degree of whiteness to a forehead that illness had rendered delicate. The animation of his eyes seemed fled, and his colourless cheeks were sunk.

Frederica, habited in the same melancholy attire, and equally pallid, was seated by him, when Lady Drumlandrie and Captain Hildebrand, who thought their presence might now be a relief to both parties, entered.

They resembled two marble figures; and Frederica's grandfather gazed till the tears flowed, in unrestrained torrents, down his furrowed cheeks.

Lady Drumlandrie would not permit them to converse on the subject which formed the origin of their woes; and as Major Fitzraymond had placed himself entirely under her direction, she would not suffer him to extend his visit beyond an hour, as she thought Frederica's sensibility had now been wound up to the utmost stretch of endurance.

Her ladyship set him down at his lodgings, and then returned to her friend, whom she prevailed upon to lie down, and have the room darkened, while she sat by her, and insisted upon her taking, occasionally, some restorative.

Frederica was more tranquil than she had for some time been, though the pallid and dejected appearance of Fitzraymond made her poignantly feel. "And my looks, no doubt," observed she, "dear Charlotte, must have distressed him equally. Speak, Did it not?"

"You now exactly resemble, he says, the Miss Koningsberg he first met at Mrs. Claresby's; therefore he was not so shocked as you were, from having

had your present paleness familiarised."

After the first interview, Major Fitzraymond frequently visited Piccadilly, though he did not yet venture to speak upon that subject which so deeply interested him. He had once hinted very distantly at it, but Frederica's agony was too violent to permit him to proceed.

Her weakness was so extreme that her friends were obliged to use the utmost caution in their conversation; and the irritability of her nerves so great, that they were in a constant state of alarm, lest now that happiness again seemed willing to remain with her, she should be prevented from sharing its in-

vigorating blessing by the fell hand of remorseless death, who seemed ready to snatch the victim of sorrow and disappointment to his icy arms.

CHAP. XLVII.

So numberless have been my daily fears,
And such the terror of my sleepless nights,
That still methinks, I doubt th'uncertain happiness:
Tho' at the music of thy voice, I own
My soul is husht, it sinks into a calm,
And takes sure omen of its peace from thee.

ROWE.

TOTTERING thus, on the actual brink of eternity, Frederica continued for many weeks; the spirits of her friends

rose and fell according to her appearance and health.

Fitzraymond, whose mind was in a continual state of torture on her account, would sit for hours gazing at the emaciation he witnessed, and listening to a conversation which was mingled with sense and cheerfulness.

The physician's opinion was, that she was fast sinking into a decline, and that a winter in London would terminate that existence which seemed so precious.

The only chance for saving her was, if she had strength enough to bear it, to take her into Devonshire.

Immediately that it was proposed she was perfectly acquiescent, "It is my duty and my wish," said she, "to en-

deavour to preserve my life, I now think I may yet (should I live) enjoy the calm of comfort, but it seems a forlorn hope, physicians seldom hurry their patients from the metropolis when there is any chance of saving them."

Fitzraymond could no longer restrain his feelings from bursting forth, and urged for permission to attend her.

"Do not request it, dear George," she replied, "if I ever recover my health, I am yours, but I am certain if you are with me, I never shall; the agitation of your mind has been sufficiently visible for some weeks, the effect it has had upon me has been highly prejudicial, the anxiety of my friends, such is the ingratitude of my nature, instead of yield-

ing a ray of comfort to my heart, keeps my nerves in a constant state of irritation, you shall write to me—I will answer your letters, which must only be on common subjects, do not express one sentiment that can agitate; all may yet be well, though you must not harbour too great a degree of hope, or else your mind will be unfitted to bear disappointment.

There was so much justice in Frederica's arguments, that Fitzraymond was compelled to acquiesce.

Captain Hildebrand wrote to Mr. Thompson, (the late Mr. Malden's steward) requesting he would oblige him by quitting his retirement in Cornwall, and hiring for them a house at Exmouth, where they hoped to meet him.

The worthy man had often written his wishes to behold them again; but said, a journey to the metropolis, he felt himself incompetent to.

An answer soon arrived from Devonshire, informing Captain Hildebrand, every thing was ready for their reception. He deeply lamented the cause which compelled the necessity of their visiting Devonshire, though he rejoiced in the idea of again beholding his deceased master's favorite.

To take leave of friends she might never again see, Frederica felt would be a trial she was inadequate to; she therefore did not speak decidedly respecting the time of their departure, and was many miles from London ere they were acquainted with her absence.

She could never travel above ten miles a day.

Mrs. Jones and Mary, who accompanied them, attended their young lady with all the fond solicitude of a mother and sister, and she repaid their kindness with gratitude for a care which none could behold her without bestowing.

Mr. Thompson, as he supported her tottering frame into the house prepared for them, wept like a child, at the alteration he perceived in her, whose smiles used to diffuse happiness upon every one who beheld her.

The most undisturbed tranquillity, and the salubrious air she breathed, effected wonders.

Captain Hildebrand wrote with rap-

ture, to Major Fitzraymond, of the exhilirating effects Exmouth produced.

This shed a calm over the agitated mind of Fitzraymond; his letters were cheerful without an effort, and diffused peace into the bosom of Frederica.

At the commencement of April, she prepared, with renovated spirits and a blooming countenance, to quit that place which had invigorated her system from the balmy breezes she had inhaled.

Mr. Thompson, who had been made acquainted with her history, obliterated his own feelings (when they quitted him) in the hope that his favorite was now going to reap the reward of her trials and virtues in the society of the man she

loved, and who seemed worthy of the inestimable gem he was on the point of possessing.

When they arrived in Piccadilly, Frederica had only to tear herself from the affectionate embraces of one friend to be pressed to the heart of another.

The enraptured Fitzraymond seemed lost in the whirl of pleasurable sensations that surrounded him, and Frederica again charmed the little circle by her smiles and beauty.

The following morning, Fitzraymond again began to whisper to the heart of Frederica, his tale of love. In glowing terms he recapitulated his many sufferings—his ardent affection.

The smile of complacency he wit-

nessed tempted him to proceed. The energy of his soul beamed from the sparkling intelligence of his eye.

"Fitzraymond," returned Frederica, when she heard him to an end, "affectation was never among the multitude of my faults. I love you; I ever have—I am yours."

The joy that succeeded, courteous reader, on the part of Fitzraymond, was of course extreme.

After all those sufferings, which only heroes and heroines have constitutions sufficiently composed of adamant to endure, the cloud of despair was disappearing fast, and the bright beams of hope and bliss again began to resume their long usurped dominion.

"The unpropitious turn our former marriage took," said Frederica, "has made me actually superstitious. Twice I have been married by special licence—the ceremomy that unites us for life shall again be performed, but not in a room; I will now, before the sacred altar of truth, plight my faith to you, and God grant that I may never more endure a hundredth part of what I have sustained, though I shall not again, even though in possession of happiness, experience the confidence I have done."

CHAP. XLVIII.

—— Oh, let me unlade my breast,
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you,
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought
This wond'rous goodness stirs! But 'tis impossible,
And utterance all is vile; since I can only
Swear you reign here, but never tell how much.

ROWE.

My coward soul still trembles at the fright,
And seems but half secure e'en in thy arms.

ROWE.

ON the morning appointed for the marriage ceremony again to take place,

Frederica, accompanied by Lady Anne Norval, proceeded in her ladyship's carriage, to the parish church, where they met Fitzraymond and Mr. Norval, who was to perform the part of father to the bride, as Captain Hildebrand, who had twice been so peculiarly unfortunate, was afraid of venturing, and Lady Drumlandrie preferred waiting with the veteran grandfather, in Piccadilly, to receive her friend.

All firmness entirely forsook Frederica, when she approached the altar, and it was with difficulty she could, for the third time, go through a ceremony which had been productive of so much misery to her.

The exhiliration of spirits it produced

on Fitzraymond seemed to oppress her, and the congratulations of her friends only produced tears. In similar expressions, had the felicitations she had received, been couched, two years previous, the variety of misery she had since experienced could not be chaced from her mind; every particular of her last wedding-day recurred to her memory with full force.

For some days she could not exert her spirits, and she felt even uncertain of certainty; but at length her mind recovered its wonted tone, and she was quite herself again.

Fitzraymond, who extracted happiness from her smiles, had not a wish ungratified; and Captain Hildebrand seemed

to acquire from the circumstance, a renovation of youth and spirits.

When Fitzraymond's leave expired, Frederica and her grandfather accompanied him to Ashford, her beauty and peculiar history which was publicly known, attracted universal attention, and she was often pained from the certainty that she occupied a large share of the conversation.

Captain Hildebrand was completely in his glory, associating constantly with soldiers animated and invigorated him, Frederica, his beloved child too, was happy.

In the course of the summer they visited the little estate in Berkshire.

There was food for reflection—all

that had there occurred returned with full force to their minds.

They talked of Ashford, and gave the sigh of esteem to his memory.

Frederica visited with Fitzraymond, her many pensioners who were charmed to behold their benefactress again.

In one of their walks, Frederica related to the astonished Fitzraymond, every particular of her eventful life, told him that she had been imprisoned for theft, and saved by a miracle from an ignominious death.

He listened with astonishment, and while he gazed at the delicacy of her form and face, said, "Surely my Frederica, this is the fabrication of your brain to deceive and amuse me, how is

it possible for such fragility to sustain what you tell me of, and yet exist?"

She soon convinced him that every particle was perfectly authentic, and not in the least exaggerated, and Fitzraymond was lost in wonder.

The time that Frederica dreaded, now approached, she must again mix in that society, from which she had for such a length of time been estranged, and afford a subject for disquisition at all the tea-tables in town.

To Lady Drumlandrie, when they met, she told her fears, she would not pain Fitzraymond by acknowledging them to him.

"All that is required, my dear," replied her ladyship, "is courage, if you

shrink from the observation, your re-appearance will undoubtedly create, you will only excite more: endeavour to seem unembarrassed, and your story will soon be forgotten totally, or give place to some other which will bear with it the attraction of novelty."

The advice was good, and she endeavoured to profit by it.

Fitzraymond, who gloried in his wife, wished her to be presented at Court, and by Lady Anne Norval, she was introduced to her Majesty.

As Lady Drumlandrie had predicted, at first Frederica was the object of universal attention, she was followed by the gaze of curiosity, and paragraphed in every paper; it was with difficulty she

could tolerate the buz her entrance into any assembly was sure to produce, but a very few weeks terminated the uneasiness she experienced; fortunately for her a young man of fashion and fortune disappeared with his mother's female attendant, and shortly after introduced her to his acquaintance as his wife; the attraction this novelty produced withdrew the general attention from Frederica, who, now that she was relieved from an unpleasantness that had deprived her of a great part of the satisfaction gaiety yielded, was again entirely herself.

Mrs. Temple was ever assiduously kind to her on every occasion, she said she had had thehappiness of convincing

her friends of the infallibility of her all-sapient judgment, and how entirely erroneous their opinions were, for although she had been assured, that introducing her three girls at the same time would prevent two of them marrying, yet she had now the heartfelt satisfaction of civilly giving them the lie, by attending all her daughters and her husbands into company.

Mrs. Claresby and her daughters who were in town with their mother, waited upon Frederica immediately after their marriage.

It was a delightful incident for Mrs. Claresby, who came to gather all the intelligence she could glean, that she might disseminate that knowledge which

would spring from the fountain head, but she did not find Frederica disposed in the least to be communicative, and though she overwhelmed her with compliments the most extravagant and high flown, she had hardly quitted the house before she began to rail against the object she had five minutes before, extolled to the utmost limits of diction.

Emma, who could still not reflect upon Fitzraymond without feeling her heart swell with a variety of ideas, and felt angry with Frederica for being the wife of such a man, acquiesced in every thing her mother said; but Mrs. Seymour who had ever been the most moderate of the two, only accused her of *vanity* and *affectation*.

"She has behaved excessively ill to Mr. Claresby," observed the irritated mother; "when she was dependant upon me, she endeavoured to attract his notice, and really as the girl had an infinity of art, I felt fearful of her taking him in, and considered it a duty to speak of it to her.

"Soon after that, she quitted my family, and I prevented Mr. Claresby's going near her.

"When I was informed of her acquisition of fortune, I confess I was sorry, and made him call frequently in Piccadilly; but would you believe it—he was never admitted, and has since only been noticed by a cool bow, or some trifling chat."

Mrs. Claresby told this little anecdote so often, that she at length believed it actually to be true, and made her puppy son do the same, who often declared Mrs. Fitzraymond was a d——d fine woman, and he was a great fool to suffer her to slip through his hands, as at one time she was actually very much flattered by any little attention common civility urged him to shew, and made palpable advances in return. But the story gained little credence, when the parties who uttered it were considered, and only made them appear more contemptible.

After passing one year of undisturbed felicity, Frederica began to experience perfect security, her natural gaiety again returned even with additional brilliancy,

like a stream which is for a time directed from its course, if it is ever again permitted to return to the original channel, it seems to flow more rapidly beautiful than ever, and to fertilize its banks with care and attention.

Fitzraymond was still the lover, though he had been for so long a period a husband. The increased health and vigour of her grandfather made Frederica, though he was at the advanced age of seventy-five, anticipate with hope, the cherished hope of passing yet many years of happiness in his society, as he was one of those wonders who we sometimes meet in our journey through existence, who no sooner recovers the rebuffs of Fortune, than the agony they

occasioned is forgotten in her smiles.—Such was Captain Hildebrand.

Thus lived Frederica, and the elegant accomplished Fitzraymond. Fate seemed weary of persecuting them, and the undisturbed happiness they continued largely to partake of, without scarce a shade of sorrow to darken for an instant, the brilliancy of their prospects. And in the bosom of peace and felicity an ample reward was obtained for the virtues and trials of the Match Girl.

THE END.

J. Dennett, Printer, Union Buildings, Leather Lane.

POPULAR

NOVELS AND ROMANCES, &c.

PUBLISHED BY

J. F. HUGHES.

THE MEMOIRS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES; in 3 vols. 8vo. 24s. elegantly printed on foolscap. Dedicated to the Queen.

"In these unhappy times, the world, sir, examines the conduct of Princes with a jealous, a scrutinizing, a malignant eye. No man is more aware than I am of the existence of such a disposition, and no man is therefore more determined to place himself above all suspicion."

Letter from the Prince of Wales to the King.

CONTENTS OF THE ABOVE INTERESTING WORK.

Genealogy of the house of Brunswick—birth of the Prince of Wales—his hereditary honors—education—Drs. Marsham, Jackson,

and Hurd, and Mr. Arnold, preceptors of his Royal Highness—anecdotes of the Prince of Wales—connexion with Mrs. Robinson—narrative of the affair—their separation—remarks—verses addressed by Mrs. R——— to the Prince—message from his Majesty to Parliament on the Prince's attaining his majority—proceedings of the two houses of Parliament on the above occasion—reflections on the tendency of his Royal Highness's education—introduction into the House of Peers—character of the Prince's friends—of Mr. Fox—Mr. Burke—Mr. Sheridan—character of other friends of the Prince—general reflections on the characters of his Royal Highness's leading associates—Connexion with Mrs. Fitzherbert—report of a clandestine marriage—refutation of the calumnies that have been circulated on the subject—first application of the Prince for the payment of his debts—refusal on the part of his Majesty—spirited line of conduct adopted by the Prince on that occasion—reflection on the state of parties at that period—pamphlets—vindication of the Prince of Wales—public opinion on the Prince's em-

barrassments—Mr. Newnham's motion on the subject in the House of Commons—injurious insinuations of Mr. Rolle—speeches of Mr. Sheridan, Mr. Pitt, and others—meeting of the Prince of Wales's friends—debates in the House of Commons—Mr. Fox's spirited vindication of the Prince—speeches of Mr. Pitt, Mr. Rolle, Mr. Grey, and others—negociation with the Prince—address to the throne for the payment of the Prince's debts—*The King's illness*—proceedings of Parliament on that occasion—Mr. Fox's assertion of the Prince's right to the regency—debates on the subject—propriety of conduct of the Prince on that delicate affair—declarations of Mr. Fox and the Duke of York—proceedings in the two Houses of Parliament—letter from Mr. Pitt to the Prince of Wales—his Royal Highness's answer—reflections on these communications—Mr. Pitt's propositions—speech intended to have been delivered by the Duke of York—answer of the Prince of Wales to the resolutions of Parliament—address of the Lords and Commons of Ireland to the Prince of Wales—his Highness's reply—letter from the Prince to the Queen—answer of the

Prince to the Irish delegates—*The King's recovery*—benevolence of the Prince to London and Edinburgh—excursion to York—entertainment at Wentworth House—accident that befel his Royal Highness—vindication of the Prince for his patronage of pugilistic contests—his Royal Highness's connexion with the turf—the sports of racing defended—narrative of his Highness's sporting engagements—account of the Jockey Club—mis representations corrected—dispute relative to the Prince's horse Eclipse, in October, 1791—Sam Chifney's account of these matches—examination of Chifney before the Jockey Club—conversation between the Prince of Wales and Chifney—termination of the Prince's turf engagements—affidavit of Chifney—vindication of the Prince—reply to various calumnies.———The Prince's conduct towards Mrs. Robinson revived—the choice of his friends defended—Mr. Fox's description of the friends of the Prince—state of parties at the time of the Prince's coming of age—*marriage of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales*—ceremonial of the royal nuptials—his Majesty's message to Parliament

—the subject of the Prince's embarrassments—Mr. Pitt's proposition—propositions for the prevention of future debts—communication of the Prince to the House of Commons—statement of the Prince's debts—speeches of Mr. Sheridan, General Smith, and Mr. Fox, on the above—proceedings in the House of Lords—speech of the Duke of Clarence, of Lord Moira, and others—the Prince's affairs—examination of the private conduct of some of the accusers of the Prince of Wales—vindication of his conduct from the aspersions of a north country banker—*birth of her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales—christening of the royal infant*—the Prince refuses to receive the congratulations of the City of London on the above occasion—conference of his Royal Highness with the Lord Mayor—*separation of the Prince and Princess of Wales*—the indelicacy with which some writers have treated this subject—message to Parliament respecting an increase of the Prince's income—debates thereon—disinterested conduct of the Prince—correspondence between the King, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of

York, Mr. Addington, &c.—remarks thereon —attack on the Prince by Mr. Jeffery and other pamphleteers—scurrility of these writers —credulity of the public—" *Delicate Inquiry*"—abuse of the press—the situation of the Heir Apparent—vindication of his Royal Highness—libels against the Prince of Wales —attack of Mr. John Bowles—the modern Puritans—comparison between them and the Puritans of Cromwell's time—the Prince refused the guardianship of the Princess Charlotte of Wales—remarks on the subject—the political attachments of the Prince of Wales —merits of Mr. Pitt's administration—defence of the Prince's political connexions—the guardianship of Miss Seymour.——Libels circulated by the daily press against the Prince—degraded state of the press—observations on authors and booksellers—munificence of his Royal Highness towards the Literary Fund—concluding remarks.

Adelgitha, a Play, in Five Acts, 3s. (3d edition) by M. G. Lewis, Esq. performing at Drury Lane Theatre, with great applause.

The Rising Sun; a Serio-Comic Romance.

By Cervantes Hogg. 3 vols. 21s. illustrated with three handsome Caricature Prints.

The Monk of Udolpho; a Legendary Tale. 4 vols. 22s. by Mr. Horseley Curteis.

The Bravo of Venice; (6th edition) a Romance. 1 vol. 6s. by M. G. Lewis, Esq.

The Royal Eclipse; or Delicate Facts; exhibiting the Secret Memoirs of Squire George and his Wife. 1 vol. 7s.

A Summer at Brighton; (5th edition) in 4 vols. 20s.—To this edition is now first added the fourth volume, containing the Memoirs and Intrigues of the Modern Lais, a well-known woman of rank and fashion. The fourth volume sold separate.

Montoni; or Confessions of a Monk; a Legendary Tale. 4 vols. 20s.

The Offspring of Mortimer, or Memoirs of the Stratford Family; a Domestic Tale. 4 vols. 20s.

This Novel details the secret Memoirs and curious domestic Anecdotes of a noble Family high in the Favor of R———y.

Striking Likenesses, or the Votaries of Fashion; 4 vols. By the Author of the Bandit's Bride, &c.

The Faro Table, or the Gambling Mothers; a modern Fable. 2 vols. 14s. By the Author of the Barouche Driver and his Wife, &c.

Family Annals; a Novel, in 5 vols. 25s. from the chaste pen of Mrs. Hunter, of Norwich, Author of Lætitia, Grubthorpe Family, Lady Palmerstone's Letters, &c.

The Demon of Sicily; a Romance. 4 vols. 20s. by Edward Montague, Esq.

The Infidel Mother; or Three Winters in London; a Fashionable Novel. 3 vols. 18s. (2d edition) by Charles Sedley, Esq.

The Mask of Fashion. 2 vols. (2d edition) by the same. 9s.

The Barouche Driver and his Wife. 2 vols. 14s. (4th edition) A Tale for the Haut Ton, and containing a very curious Biography of some of the dashing Whips of the day; with a variety of equally nouvelle and interesting Anecdotes;—it includes the private Memoirs of the vocal favourite, Madame C———.

Ludovico's Tale; or the Black Banner of Castle Douglas; a Novel. 4 vols. by Amelia Stuart.

Horatio, or Memoirs of the Davenport Family; 4 vols. 20s.

The Royal Investigation; or Vindication of the Princess of Wales. It details her Acquittal on twenty-four supposed charges, and a complete refutation of all the calumnies circulated to her prejudice. 1 vol. 7s. Dedicated to the Marchioness of Townshend.

Fugitive Countess; a Novel. 4 vols. 18s. by Sarah Wilkinson.

An Account of the Siege of Copenhagen, with a concise history of that place, 2s. 6d.

A Winter in Dublin; a Fashionable Tale. 3 vols. 21s. by Mr. Sedley.

"The Irish, like ancient medals, are kept apart; and passing but few hands, preserve the first sharpness which the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not so pleasant to feel—but in return, the legend is so visible, that at the first look, you see whose image and superscription they bear."

STERNE.

Confessions of Constantia; a Tale, 3 vols. 13s. 6d.

A Summer at Weymouth, or the Star of Fashion; 3 vols. 15s. by the Author of A Summer at Brighton.

"It is my intention to represent Characters such as they are in life; but Heaven forbid that I should pourtray any person in particular."

LE SAGE.

The Three Germans; a Romance, 3 vols. 12s.

The Pic Nic, 2 vols. 10s.

Friar Hildargo; a Romance, 5 vols. 1l. 5s.

Dorinda Grafton: a domestic tale, 3 vols. 15s.

The Monk and his Daughter, or the Intrigues of Amanda, a Novel, 3 vols.

The Castle of Rosenberg, 2 vols.

Walter Kennedy, an interesting American Tale, 1 vol. 4s. 6d.

Dodson's Life of Dr. Farmer, 1 vol. 8vo.

Eccentric Biography, with Portraits, 1 vol. 5s.

The Child of Mystery; a Novel. 3 vols.

The following Novels are at Press, and will speedily be published.

Fitzherbert; a Novel. 4 vols.

The Bard of Snowdon and his Daughter, 2 vols.

The Mysterious Monks of St. Clair; a Romance. 4 vols.

Memoirs of the Kemble Family; 2 vols.

A Winter in Town; or Every Body in London; a Fashionable Novel. 4 vols.

Ferney Castle; 4 vols.

The Irish Chieftain and his Family; a very interesting National Tale, in 3 vols. descriptive of the state of Irish Manners towards the close of the 17th century, and intended as a companion to that popular Novel the "Wild Irish Girl."

Lord Hubert of Arundell; a Romance. 2 vols.

Eugene de Roselyn; a Novel. 2 vols.

Blanche de Charleville; a Romance. 2 vols.

Elizabeth; or the Exiles of Siberia; 1 vol. by Madame Cottin; a new edition.

Caroline of Litchfield; 2 vols. a new edition.

Memoirs of Celebrated Living Courtezans; 2 vols.

Country Booksellers, and Proprietors of Circulating Libraries, supplied on the most Liberal Terms.

This book is given special protection for the reason indicated below:

Autograph	Giftbook
Association	Illustration
Condition	Miniature book
Cost	Original binding or covers
Edition	Presentation
Fine binding	Scarcity
Format	Subject

L82—5M—12-57—64525